Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Quee. What would she have?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's trickes i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sense, her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in. *Enter Ophelia.*

Quee. "To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
" Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse;
" So full of artlesse jealousie is guilt,
" It spills it selfe in fearing to be spilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous majesty of *Denmarke*?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*? *She sings.*

Ophel. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staffe, and by his sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasse-greene turfe, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you mark. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers, *Song.*
Which bewept to the ground did not goe,
With true love showers.

King.

King. How doe you pro
Ophel. Well, good dil
daughter: Lord, we know
may be. God be at your t
King. Conceit upon he
Ophel. Pray let's have
what it meanes, say you t
To morrow is S. *Valentin*
All in the morning betim
And I a maid at your win
To be your *Valentine.*
Then up he rose, and dond
Let in the maid, that out
King. Pretty *Ophelia*
Ophel. Indeed, witho
By gis and by Saint Cha
alacke and fie for shar
Young men will doe't i
by cocke they are to b
Quoth she, before you t
(He answers.) So should
And tho
King. How long hath
Oph. I hope all will
chuse but weep to think
brother shall know of it
Come my coach, good
Sweet Ladies good nig
King. Follow her cl
O this is the poyson of
death: and now behol
When sorrowes come
But in battalians: first
Next, your sonne gone
Of his owne just remo
Thicke and unwholsom
For good *Polonius* dea
In hugger mugger to i

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